

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 8073 號三十七零八第

日三月初十未癸未光

HONGKONG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1883.

五年

號二月十一英港香

PRICE \$2 1/2 PER MONTH

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

October 31, Otto, German ship, 1,205, Portman, Shanghai 26th Oct., Balash. —MELCHERS & CO.

November 1, MIRAMAR, British steamer, 890, E. J. Duggan, Rangoon 11th October,

Penang 16th, Singapore 19th, and Sa-

gon 25th, Eise, BUN BIN & CO.

November 1, MONGHUA, British arr., 553, J.

H. LOF, Bangkok 24th Oct., General.

YUEN FAH HOA.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOURMASTER'S OFFICE.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

Bellona, German arr., for Singapore.

Anton, German arr., for Hoichow.

Telomachus, British arr., for Amoy.

DEPARTURES.

NOVEMBER 1, KWANTUNG, British steamer,

for Swatow.

November 1, BELLONA, German steamer, for

Singapore.

November 1, KHIVA, British steamer, for

Yokohama.

PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.

Per Miramar, arr., from Bangkok, &c.—30 Chinese.

DEPARTED.

Per Peking, arr., for Shanghai.—Mrs. Har-

riett and 20 Chinese.

Per Kitto, arr., for Yokohama.—Miss A. M.

White, and Mr. C. A. Benson.

Per Anton, arr., for Singapore, &c.—1 Euro-

pean and 43 Chinese.

Per Monghau, arr., from Bangkok.—91 Chi-

neses.

TO DEPART.

Per Telomachus, arr., for Amoy.—50 Chinese.

Per Anton, arr., for Hoichow.—10 Chinese.

REPORTS.

The British steamer Miramar reported left

Hongkong on the 10th ult. and had light winds

and calm weather. Left Pusan on the 16th,

and stopped on the 18th, had clear weather.

Left Siagon on the 25th, had heavy N.E. wind

and high seas throughout the passage.

AMOY SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

21. Thomas, Chinese arr., from Swatow.

21. Tehsin, Chinese arr., from Shanghai.

21. Minna, Deutscher, German 3-m. s.s.,

from Chaofo.

21. Albany, British arr., from Taiwanfu.

21. Chaofo, British arr., from Swatow.

21. Ningpo, British arr., from Shanghai.

OCTOBER—DEPARTURES.

20. Kwantung, British arr., for Fuchow.

20. Ling Feng, Castoms arr., for Fuchow.

21. Albany, British arr., for Swatow.

23. Chaofo, British arr., for Shanghai.

23. Yehsin, Chinese arr., for Swatow.

VESSELS ARRIVED IN EUROPE FROM PORTS

IN CHINA, JAPAN, AND MANILA.

(For last Mail's Advice).

Ecclesia (a) ... Foochow ... Sept. 18

... Honkong ... Sept. 15

Giant Castle (a) ... Shanghai ... Sept. 17

Aria (a) ... Macao ... Sept. 18

Kedive (a) ... Shanghai ... Sept. 19

VESSELS EXPECTED AT HONGKONG.

(Corrected to Date).

Sachsen ... Cardiff ... June 12

Couch ... Poole ... June 23

Elizabeth ... Plymouth ... July 1

H. M. S. Merlin ... Plymouth ... July 7

Okala ... Hamburg ... July 12

Jupiter ... Cardiff ... July 18

H. I. G. M. S. Sulis ... Plymouth ... July 24

Orion ... London ... July 31

Willy ... London ... Aug. 16

Wilhelm ... London ... Aug. 16

Sergeant (a) ... Liverpool ... Aug. 21

Lambton (a) ... Liverpool ... Aug. 25

Laju (a) ... London ... Aug. 27

Stamford (a) ... Marseilles ... Aug. 30

Dakota ... Poole ... Sept. 4

Magnolia ... Poole ... Sept. 13

Castor (a) ... Poole ... Sept. 14

Redoubt (a) ... London ... Sept. 14

Resolute (a) ... London ... Sept. 18

Andromeda (a) ... Liverpool ... Sept. 18

Hellephant (a) ... Liverpool ... Sept. 19

Ganges (a) ... Liverpool ... Sept. 19

Constance (a) ... Liverpool via Cardiff ... Sept. 20

INTIMATIONS.

J. S. GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

G. GOLD M. & A. LTD., PARIS, 1878.

Sold by all Stationers and Drapers.

THE SOCIETY OF GUILDFORD.

Containing the names of all the Articles of

Trust, objects of Natural History, Furniture,

&c., &c., with the Panji and Mandarin division.

Also a few copies of the GRAMMAR OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE, in two parts.

The Daily Press Office.

"JAPAN GAZETTE," YOKOHAMA.

HAVING been appointed Agent in Hongkong and SOUTH CHINA for the Japan Gazette, "Japan Gazette Summary," and "Hong List," Orders for Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received at this Office.

Hongkong Daily Press Office.

"LEONARDI QUILL."

NATURAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER.

Bottled at the Salter Spring near Gross Kappel, in Cases of 8 Dosen Plints, 35.50 per Case.

POUSTU & CO.—Sole Agents.

3rd January, 1883. [1883]

J. AND R. TERNENT'S ALE and FORGER.

DAVID COSSAR & SONS.

Merchant Navy.

Navy Boiled Long Flax CANVAS.

Crown ARTHUR.

ARNHOLD, KARBERG & CO.

Hongkong, 1st May, 1883. [1883]

NOTICE.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

AT THE DAILY PRESS' OFFICE.

Particular attention is given at this Establish-

ment to COMMERCIAL and GENERAL JOURNAL

PRINTING, every description of which is

exacted.

SUCH PRICES

will bear.

FAVOURABLE COMPARISON

with ANY IN THE EAST.

"DAILY PRESS" OFFICE,

HONGKONG.

BANKS.

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

INSTALLMENT RECEIVED, \$193,765.62.

RESERVED FUND, \$125,000.00.

INSTALMENTS OF PRE-1883, \$100,000.00.

NEW SHARES received on \$25,336.43.

\$3,199,336.43.

COURT OF DIRECTORS:

Chairman—W. REYNERS, Esq.

Deputy Chairman—W. S. YOUNG, Esq.

B. Gifford, Esq., Vice Chairman.

A. Gibson, Esq., Vice Chairman.

H. F. Johnson, Esq.

W. H. Forbes, Esq.

Chief Manager.

Hongkong.

W. M. Jackson, Esq.

Manager.

HONGKONG INTEREST ALLOWED.

On Current Deposit Account at the rate of

2 per cent. Annual.

On Fixed Deposits—

For 3 months 3 per cent. per annum.

For 6 months 4 per cent. per annum.

For 12 months 5 per cent. per annum.

LOCAL BILLS DISCOUNTED.

CREDITS granted on approved Securities, and

every description of Banking and Exchange

Business transacted.

DRAPERS on London, and the chief

commercial places in Europe, Asia, Australia,

America, China and Japan.

OFFICES of the Corporation.

No. 1, Queen's Road East,

Hongkong, 25th August, 1883.

ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION.

(INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER).

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

RESERVE FUND, \$125,000.

DEPOSITS, \$1,000,000.

NOTICE OF INTEREST ALLOWED.

EXTRACTS.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE!
Hark! Hark to my neighbour's flute!
You powder'd slave, that ox, that are he:
Hark to his wheezy pipe; my neighbour is
A worthy sort of brute.

My tineful neighbour's wife—has houses, lands,
A wife (confound his flu—a hand-some wife);
Her love must give a gusto to his life.
See youder—there she stands.

She turns, she gazed, she has luteous eyes,
A throat like Juno, and Aurora's arms—
Per Bacco, what a paragon of charms!
My neighbour's drawn a prize.

Yea, somehow, 'tis a misfortune with its woes,
Sin and disease—and that eternal broaching;
We've suffer'd from our early piano teaching;
We suffer—goodness knows.

How vain the wealth that breeds its own vexation,
Yet few appear to care to quite forget it;
Then weariness of life (and many know it)

I'm'th glad sonation;

And therefore, neighbour mine, without a sting
I contemn'd thy flute, thy house, thy books;
I served not thy man, thine ass, thine ox;
Thy flute, thy anything.

FREDERICK LYCHER.

AN ELOCUTIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.
There is probably no illustrated periodical of the present day which can boast of such versatility of talent among its artists as our old friend *Punch*. The humorous天然ly prevails, but the serious and even the tragic are not unfrequently supplied by Mr. Tenniel; honest, rolicking fun finds an able exponent in Mr. Keene; whimsical ingenuity of the highest order is furnished by Mr. Lyle-Sambourne; while the satirical element, the light comedy so to speak, forms the department of Mr. du Maurier. His special mission, for the last twenty years, has been to make us smile at the foibles of polite society, to depict aristocratic snobism, to expose social cast and humbug, and to hold up the mirror to nature as represented by the higher grades of civilization. The ludicrous side of each fleeting fashion is seized upon with the keenness of inspiration, and turned into good-humoured ridicule. Making allowances for Mr. du Maurier's amiable idiosyncrasies of investing commonplace mortals with the physical graces of the gods, it must be conceded that his drawings are faithful representations of English Society as it exists, and in the guise of all of us are familiar with. So scrupulously accurate is he in the smallest details, that even the changes of fashion, the art of the milliner and the tailor, are faithfully chronicled from week to week, and it is both curious and instructive to trace in the back numbers of *Punch*, by means of Mr. du Maurier's contributions, the various innovations, whether improvements or otherwise, which have gradually taken place in the national costume.

Mr. du Maurier's wit is mildly satirical rather than humorous; he does not profess to be funny, but prefers to bark his shafts with twined-sheathed satire. Yet he has frequently shown that he can make a good joke with the best of his comedians; just as he has on occasions proved that he is as familiar with the popular side of English life as with the aspect he has made peculiarly his own. The fact is, however, that Mr. du Maurier's pencil is essentially graceful and artistic, and the lower orders of this country do not, in their dress or their demeanour, afford him the opportunities for depicting beauty for which his soul craves. The French *bonne*, with her neat cap and apron and her flowing bands; the owner, in his blouse and sabots—the lower grades of any other nation, in short—afford the artistic element which he requires to work upon. Their prettiness, their prettiness, their natural gracefulness of deportment are suited to his vein. But our own 'Arry, with his cheap-tailor's suit and his vulgus bonshorn; Maria, the housemaid, aping the dress and manners of her mistress, do not easily lend themselves to his refined and fastidious pencil. He, therefore, generally contented himself to more congenial types, while wisely eschewing scenes with which he is not personally familiar. He is not a sporting man, and he therefore never introduces us to the hunting-field or the race-course. Accuracy and fidelity to nature are his guiding principles, and every scene he presents to us, and every pose he introduces, is the result of careful observation.

Mr. George Louis, Palmeira, Buxton du Maurier, as his name implies, is of French extraction. His grandparents came over to England during the Revolution, and his father was born here. His mother being English, Mr. du Maurier may be described as a thorough Briton; and, as a fact, he is "plus royaliste que le roi." Much of his artistic delineation is a veritable doubt due to the Gallic blood which flows in his veins, but in his mode of thought and aspirations he is essentially English. His father had private means, and followed no occupation; but George du Maurier was destined for scientific pursuits. That he should be a great chemist, like Faraday, was his parents' oft-expressed wish; and accordingly, after having been educated privately in Paris, Mr. du Maurier was sent to study chemistry under Dr. Williamson, in the Birkbeck Laboratory, at the University College. But his natural propensities began to assert themselves so strongly that chemistry had no attraction for him, though subsequently he set up a laboratory of his own. Away from the eye of the professor, however, Mr. du Maurier practically turned his laboratory into a studio, and led a very pleasant, easy-going life, studying art a little, but not seriously until his father's death. He never attempted to turn his scientific education to practical use on one occasion, when he was appointed Manager of a gold and copper mine in North Devon. He held the post exactly six weeks, in the course of which he made the discovery that the precious metals existed only in the imagination of the promoters of the undertaking, and he consequently resigned.

Upon the death of his father he resolved to adopt art as a profession and as a means of livelihood, and accordingly he entered the studio of M. Gleyre, at Paris, where he had Mr. Poynter for colleague. For a year he led a happy, careless existence in the Quartier Latin, as it used to be, in company with Poynter, Lamont, T. Armstrong, and Whistler. The quiet lived together, did their own marketing, cooked their own dinner, and the old student's life which has been sung of by Blaquier and Thackeray. At the end of a twelvemonth, however, Mr. du Maurier awoke to the fact that this godlessness was not conducive to study, and with many regrets he took leave of his companion, and migrated to Antwerp. Here he worked hard for three months, but the effort hastened a disaster which had long been impending. He lost the sight of his left eye, and for nearly three years was condemned to idleness, while the doctors were making futile efforts to recover the sight. During this time he resided at Malines and at Dusseldorf, suffering great pain from the injured optic. It was not until the sight was hopelessly gone that he obtained any relief, and was again able to use his pencil.

In the spring of 1860 he came to England upon earning his living, but not quite long enough to set about it. He had a little introduction to Charles Read, who, finding the young artist had exquisitely some clever caricatures, and was skilled draughts-

man, gave him in turn letters to Mathew Lowson and to Shirley Brooks. To these eminent judges he submitted specimens of his artistic skill, but, to his great mortifications, they were considered unworthy of the pages of *Punch*, and for some years he had to be satisfied with the insertion of decorative headpieces and vignettes.

Being compelled to look about for work in other directions, he joined his old friends Poynter and Whistler in furnishing drawings for *Oscar & Work*, an illustrated periodical of laudably ambitious design, which had then been just started. It had, however, but a brief career, though the excellence of its illustrations gave a few impulse to the art of drawing on wood. Mr. du Maurier also supplied illustrations for the *Leslie's Weekly* and other periodicals, earning a modest income and developing his natural talent.

At length, upon the death of John Leech, which took place in October, 1864, Mr. du Maurier was invited to join the staff of *Punch*, and fill the place of the deceased artist. The great progress he made in the course of a very few years was strikingly manifested by his being selected to fill so important a vacancy. The rejected of yesterday was to-day promoted to a post of honour which he has since worthily filled. He rose quickly in the favour of the public, the finish and delicacy of his drawings being agreeable innovations. For twenty years almost without intermission, he has ministered to the pleasure of the patrons of *Punch*, and has gained a reputation which is by no means confined to this side of the Atlantic. In America he has a host of ardent admirers, and Americans who visit this country owing the greatest curiosity to see and converse with him. Should he ever carry out his intention of making a tour in the States, we should probably gain a deeper insight into the social life of our American cousins by means of his facile pencil than we at present possess.

Mr. du Maurier has not restricted his energies to his contributions to *Punch*, but has done an enormous quantity of "book" work, and has furnished an illustration for many years. He has also supplied drawings to important editions of Thackeray's "Bomber," and the novels of Mrs. Gaskell. When it is considered that Mr. du Maurier labours under a serious disadvantage, being absolutely blind with one eye, while the other is at times affected, one wonders how he has managed to achieve so much excellent work of all kinds. Of late years he has taken seriously to painting in water-colours with marked success.

Mr. du Maurier is a pleasant-looking man, of middle height, with a humorous face and genial manners. He wears a light monocle and imperious, which give him rather a foreign aspect; and though he is compelled to use glasses, his defective vision is not otherwise apparent. At times, however, his affliction seriously interferes with his work, and he has recourse to dark shades and other devices for avoiding the glare. A few years ago he found it almost impossible to draw at all—least on the customary small and delicate scale—when a friend suggested to him that photography might be usefully employed to relieve the strain upon his sight. The result is that Mr. du Maurier's original pen-and-ink drawings are now always considerably larger than the impressions which appear in *Punch*. The drawings are photographed on to the engraver's block, the dimensions being reduced in the process to the requisite size. Mr. du Maurier is a rapid worker, and, from long practice, has acquired the knack of doing the fine and delicate details which abound in his pictures with wonderful rapidity. He always draws from models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He has a habit of taking a hasty note of any characteristic physiognomy he comes across; still, he is scrupulously careful never to be personal. If he happens to have a particular individual in his mind while treating a subject, he adopts the expedient of making a rough sketch of the original on the margin of his paper, in order to avoid any semblance to a likeness finding its way into the drawing.

Mr. du Maurier lives in a picturesque old-fashioned house at Hampstead Heath, where one is greeted, on entering the hall, by the huge St. Bernard which is so familiar to the readers of *Punch*. "Chang," as he is called, is a privileged member of the household, and appears, from his staid and dignified demeanour, to be quite conscious of the celebrity he has attained. Mr. du Maurier's studio is a large, pleasant room commanding a charming view, and is more commodious of ease and comfort than hard work. A shrouded lady, figure, and a small easel, on which stands an unfinished drawing, are the only visible signs of his owner's occupation, though the walls are hung round with original sketches which have done duty on models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He is a married man, and has several children. Though addicted to solitary rambles over the neighbouring Heath, or about the busy London streets, he goes a good deal into society. He is, in fact, an eccentrically sociable man and is universally popular.—*Truth*.

COLDS.

"No, no, my catchee cold" was the reply of the Chinese who were saved from the wreck of the *Kemure Castle* when beset by the *Portuguese*.

The dress parade at SARATOGA.

The dress parade at Saratoga this season is reported to have been distinguished beyond all its predecessors by the extravagance of the toilettes of the ladies. One dizzied reporter records with admiration that the wife of a Philadelphia millionaire, whom inanity we will not name, appeared in lace and silk that were valued at £20,000, while her diamonds represented a value of £15,000. Her uniform on parade therefore represented a cash value of £221,000, and this appears to have been regarded as its chief attraction. But if a mere display of wealth is all that is required in a dress parade, why do not some millionaires' wives appear in mantles made out of thousand pound notes? It would be more original, more effective, and not one whit more vulgar than the parade of the £21,000 costume which attracted such attention at Saratoga.

THE DESS PRESS PARADE AT SARATOGA.

On a morning when he was watching a spider's nest a wasp alighted upon an inch or two of the nest on the opposite side of the opening. Creeping noiselessly towards the entrance of the nest the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet in the web. Then, reaching out one of his legs he wriggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overtured had the desired effect, for the wasp, as nest, large a spider as one ordinarily sees, came out to see what new victim he had caught. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he became satisfied probably that he had the fort. At all events he proceeded to enter the nest and slay the young spiders, who were afterwards lugubrally off at a time.

A Wasp's STRATEGY.

Sophia Green, the fish broker, tells the following story of a wasp's strategy. He says one morning when he was watching a spider's nest a wasp alighted within an inch or two of the nest on the opposite side of the opening. Creeping noiselessly towards the entrance of the nest the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet in the web. Then, reaching out one of his legs he wriggled it before the opening and withdrew it.

This overture had the desired effect, for the wasp, as nest,

large a spider as one ordinarily sees, came out to see what new victim he had caught. No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which he was at worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he became satisfied probably that he had the fort.

At all events he proceeded to enter the nest and slay the young spiders, who were afterwards lugubrally off at a time.

Colds are, no doubt, often serious matters. "Thin shoes bring on a cold, a cold brings

on a cold, a cold brings on a cold," is an old saying; and the "Diary of a Late Physician" describes a cold as a touch of the finger of death; and adds a terrible story of a young man who neglected the cold, and speedily arrived at the coffin. Yet, on the other hand, a morbid dread of taking cold makes people burdenous to themselves and to their neighbours. Who has not had the misfortune to travel in company with those of the Duke of Newcastle, and to realize in their society the suffering of a frog under an air-pump? Night air is no apt to give cold, they will say, as they carefully close the windows and ventilators of the railway carriage in preparation for a journey from Paris to Geneva on a sultry August evening; and even if their clucking companions insist on some loophole being left to breathe through, they carry their point at the expense of much annoyance, and have throughout the journey to encounter the sour looks of the shivers, who declare "that open window is giving them a serious cold." That the surest way to catch a cold is to avoid fresh air, thereby rendering themselves unduly susceptible to every change of atmosphere, never seems to occur to these good people. Doctors who practise much among the poor know the reluctance with which the relatives of a sick person will consent to admit air to his room. The ancient dread of ventilation, especially in cases of illness, still survives among us. In former times it was a favourite remedy for small-pox to wrap the patient in scarlet cloth, and keep him beside a large fire. Philip de Comines was to-day promoted to a post of honour which he has since worthily filled. He rose quickly in the favour of the public, the finish and delicacy of his drawings being agreeable innovations. For twenty years almost without intermission, he has ministered to the pleasure of the patrons of *Punch*, and has gained a reputation which is by no means confined to this side of the Atlantic. In America he has a host of ardent admirers, and Americans who visit this country owing the greatest curiosity to see and converse with him. Should he ever carry out his intention of making a tour in the States, we should probably gain a deeper insight into the social life of our American cousins by means of his facile pencil than we at present possess.

Mr. du Maurier has not restricted his energies to his contributions to *Punch*, but has done an enormous quantity of "book" work, and has furnished an illustration for many years. He has also supplied drawings to important editions of Thackeray's "Bomber," and the novels of Mrs. Gaskell. When it is considered that Mr. du Maurier labours under a serious disadvantage, being absolutely blind with one eye, while the other is at times affected, one wonders how he has managed to achieve so much excellent work of all kinds. Of late years he has taken seriously to painting in water-colours with marked success.

Mr. du Maurier is a pleasant-looking man, of middle height, with a humorous face and genial manners. He wears a light monocle and imperious, which give him rather a foreign aspect; and though he is compelled to use glasses, his defective vision is not otherwise apparent. At times, however, his affliction seriously interferes with his work, and he has recourse to dark shades and other devices for avoiding the glare. A few years ago he found it almost impossible to draw at all—least on the customary small and delicate scale—when a friend suggested to him that photography might be usefully employed to relieve the strain upon his sight. The result is that Mr. du Maurier's original pen-and-ink drawings are now always considerably larger than the impressions which appear in *Punch*. The drawings are photographed on to the engraver's block, the dimensions being reduced in the process to the requisite size. Mr. du Maurier is a rapid worker, and, from long practice, has acquired the knack of doing the fine and delicate details which abound in his pictures with wonderful rapidity. He always draws from models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He has a habit of taking a hasty note of any characteristic physiognomy he comes across; still, he is scrupulously careful never to be personal. If he happens to have a particular individual in his mind while treating a subject, he adopts the expedient of making a rough sketch of the original on the margin of his paper, in order to avoid any semblance to a likeness finding its way into the drawing.

Mr. du Maurier lives in a picturesque old-fashioned house at Hampstead Heath, where one is greeted, on entering the hall, by the huge St. Bernard which is so familiar to the readers of *Punch*. "Chang," as he is called, is a privileged member of the household, and appears, from his staid and dignified demeanour, to be quite conscious of the celebrity he has attained. Mr. du Maurier's studio is a large, pleasant room commanding a charming view, and is more commodious of ease and comfort than hard work. A shrouded lady, figure, and a small easel, on which stands an unfinished drawing, are the only visible signs of his owner's occupation, though the walls are hung round with original sketches which have done duty on models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He is a married man, and has several children. Though addicted to solitary rambles over the neighbouring Heath, or about the busy London streets, he goes a good deal into society. He is, in fact, an eccentrically sociable man and is universally popular.—*Truth*.

Mr. du Maurier has not restricted his energies to his contributions to *Punch*, but has done an enormous quantity of "book" work, and has furnished an illustration for many years. He has also supplied drawings to important editions of Thackeray's "Bomber," and the novels of Mrs. Gaskell. When it is considered that Mr. du Maurier labours under a serious disadvantage, being absolutely blind with one eye, while the other is at times affected, one wonders how he has managed to achieve so much excellent work of all kinds. Of late years he has taken seriously to painting in water-colours with marked success.

Mr. du Maurier is a pleasant-looking man, of middle height, with a humorous face and genial manners. He wears a light monocle and imperious, which give him rather a foreign aspect; and though he is compelled to use glasses, his defective vision is not otherwise apparent. At times, however, his affliction seriously interferes with his work, and he has recourse to dark shades and other devices for avoiding the glare. A few years ago he found it almost impossible to draw at all—least on the customary small and delicate scale—when a friend suggested to him that photography might be usefully employed to relieve the strain upon his sight. The result is that Mr. du Maurier's original pen-and-ink drawings are now always considerably larger than the impressions which appear in *Punch*. The drawings are photographed on to the engraver's block, the dimensions being reduced in the process to the requisite size. Mr. du Maurier is a rapid worker, and, from long practice, has acquired the knack of doing the fine and delicate details which abound in his pictures with wonderful rapidity. He always draws from models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He has a habit of taking a hasty note of any characteristic physiognomy he comes across; still, he is scrupulously careful never to be personal. If he happens to have a particular individual in his mind while treating a subject, he adopts the expedient of making a rough sketch of the original on the margin of his paper, in order to avoid any semblance to a likeness finding its way into the drawing.

Mr. du Maurier lives in a picturesque old-fashioned house at Hampstead Heath, where one is greeted, on entering the hall, by the huge St. Bernard which is so familiar to the readers of *Punch*. "Chang," as he is called, is a privileged member of the household, and appears, from his staid and dignified demeanour, to be quite conscious of the celebrity he has attained. Mr. du Maurier's studio is a large, pleasant room commanding a charming view, and is more commodious of ease and comfort than hard work. A shrouded lady, figure, and a small easel, on which stands an unfinished drawing, are the only visible signs of his owner's occupation, though the walls are hung round with original sketches which have done duty on models, but his "types" are the result of his own observation. He is a married man, and has several children. Though addicted to solitary rambles over the neighbouring Heath, or about the busy London streets, he goes a good deal into society. He is, in fact, an eccentrically sociable man and is universally popular.—*Truth*.

Upon the death of his father he resolved to adopt art as a profession and as a means of livelihood, and accordingly he entered the studio of M. Gleyre, at Paris, where he had Mr. Poynter for colleague. For a year he led a happy, careless existence in the Quartier Latin, as it used to be, in company with Poynter, Lamont, T. Armstrong, and Whistler. The quiet lived together, did their own marketing, cooked their own dinner, and the old student's life which has been sung of by Blaquier and Thackeray. At the end of a twelvemonth, however, Mr. du Maurier awoke to the fact that this godlessness was not conducive to study, and with many regrets he took leave of his companion, and migrated to Antwerp. Here he worked hard for three months, but the effort hastened a disaster which had long been impending. He lost the sight of his left eye, and for nearly three years was condemned to idleness, while the doctors were making futile efforts to recover the sight. During this time he resided at Malines and at Dusseldorf, suffering great pain from the injured optic. It was not until the sight was hopelessly gone that he obtained any relief, and was again able to use his pencil.

In the spring of 1860 he came to England upon earning his living, but not quite long enough to set about it. He had a little introduction to Charles Read, who, finding the young artist had exquisitely some clever caricatures, and was skilled draughts-

DONGKONG MARKETS.

As Drawn by CHINMAN on the 1st Nov., 1883.

GOTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 30 yards, per piece ... \$2.95 to 3.10

Cotton Yarn, No. 24, per pound ... \$1.00 to 1.10

Cotton Yarn, No. 32, per pound ... \$0.80 to 1.00

Cotton Yarn, Humpy ... \$7.00 to 7.50

Chalk, per piece ... \$1.70 to 1.75

Dred Spotted Shirts, per piece ... \$1.00 to 1.20

Dred Damask Shirts, per piece ... \$1.00 to 1.20

English Drills, 30 yards, per piece ... \$2.95 to 3.10